

DEBORAH and BARAK the Glorious
Instruments of Israel's Deliverance.

A ^{N^o 7.}
S E R M O N

Preach'd at the
Cathedral Church of *ROCHESTER*,
On the *Seventh* of September, 1704.

BEING THE
Thanksgiving - Day
FOR

The Glorious Victory obtained by the Duke of
MARLBOROUGH, over the French and
Bavarian Armies, at *Bleinheim* near *Hochstet*,
on the Banks of the *Danube*.

Published at the Request of Some GENTLEMEN.

By *JOHN GRANT*, M. A. Prebendary of
the Cathedral Church of *Rochester*, and Vicar of
St. Dunstan's in the *West*, *London*.

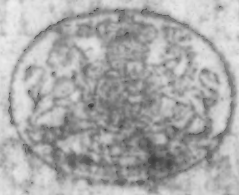
L O N D O N: *G*

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DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
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T O
Colonel J O H N L E I G H,
O F
Adlington in Cheshire.

S I R,

TH E many Kind Obligations I have receiv'd from You, do always challenge a Grateful Remembrance: But what has the greatest Weight, and makes the most sensible Impressions, is that Honourable Esteem and Affection You have always express'd for the Church of England as by Law establisht; and that Zeal You have so often discover'd for the Just and Undoubted Rights of our Glorious and Happy Queen

ANNE. These Considerations have made me presume to prefix Your Name to this short Discourse: And being truly sensible, that Your Personal Merit, as well as Your being possess'd of a very Fair and Plentiful Estate, furnish You with happy Opportunities of doing our Church and Government considerable Service, I can never doubt of Your steady Resolutions in pursuing such Great and Excellent Designs: And do therefore affectionately Recommend You to His Divine Protection and Blessing, who always disposes us to every Good Work. Which is the Hearty Prayer of Him, who is,

Your most Obliged Kinsman,
and Humble Servant to command,

JOHN GRANT.

JUDGES V. Ver. 12.

*Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake,
utter a song: Arise Barak, and lead thy
captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam.*

TIS very remarkable, That in perusing the several Histories of the Jewish Church and State, we shall always find that the Happiness and Misery of that People kept an even Pace with their Virtues or their Vices, with their Sins and with their Repentance. Whenever they had any Years of Peace and Plenty, and were quiet under their own Vines and Fig-trees, like *Jeshurun* they waxed fat, and kicked against a Divine Providence, forgot God their Saviour and Deliverer. In Times of Peace and Plenty, the Jews were presently addicted to the Idolatries of those Neighbouring Nations that liv'd round about them: Then God permitted them to be plagued with cruel Wars, with Famine, with Pestilence, and very often they were carried into Captivities, and those that hated them, were Lords over them. But upon their Humiliation and Repentance,

pentance, when they return'd unto God, and renounc'd their Folly; when they cried unto the Mighty Protector of Israel, he as often heard their Cries, pitied them in their Miseries, rais'd up Saviours for them, and deliver'd them out of their Distress.

These are good Memento's, to caution us what Use we should make of Temporal and Spiritual Mercies, and how we should demean our selves under the Afflicting Hand of the Almighty; and what Methods we likewise should take to relieve our selves, when we are threaten'd by any Mighty Nimrod, and are in danger of being swallow'd up by some Cruel and Great Oppressor. And this was, but a few days ago, our own lamentable Case: And I doubt not but God has heard the Prayers of the Good People of our Land, and has wrought this Wonderful Salvation, which now we most thankfully commemorate.

Wherefore, that our Thankfulness may keep some even Pace and Measure with our Deliverance, give me leave to analyse or explain the Chapter of my Text, and that foregoing it, and therein observe in what Parallel Lines Ours and the Deliverance of the Jewish State runs; how agreeably and sweetly they answer one to the other, as tho' they

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they were Unisons, ecchoing the same Musical Notes to us.

In the Chapter foregoing my Text, the Sacred Story gives us an Account of Two Famous Persons, which were the Eminent Deliverers of the Jewish State; The First was *Deborah*, who was a Prophetess, whom the People of *Israel*, under their mighty Difficulties were wont to consult as an Oracle, and she resolv'd the Difficulties brought to her: This *Deborah* was also at that time a Judge in *Israel*, as the Text tells us, and so she had the chief Commanding Power, and was therein a Person qualified for so bold and daring an Attempt, as was that of effecting *Israel's* Deliverance. The other Person concern'd to redeem *Israel* from Oppression and Slavery, was the Brave *Barak* the Son of *Abinoam*, who acted as General of the Forces under the Glorious *Deborah*, the Judge of *Israel*.

The Text observes to us, That at this Time God had sold the People of *Israel* into the Hand of *Jabin* the King of *Canaan*: Now this *Jabin* was a Neighbouring King, a Cruel Man, and a great Oppressor: His Subjects were *Canaanites*, who in some Men's esteem were reckon'd a cursed People, in that they descended from the Ancient *Cham* the

Son of Noah, who was cursed for discovering his Father's Nakedness. And indeed we cannot doubt of *Israel's* Oppression, when they were under such a King as *Jabin* was, and when these *Canaanitish* Subjects were *Masters and Lords* over them. Further, I cannot but observe that the Text is altogether silent of *King Jabin's* Bravery or Courage; the Text takes not a word of notice of his Personal Gallantry, or Feats of War: The Text indeed tells us of *Jabin's* Numerous Host, of his People of War, and that he had particularly Nine hundred Chariots of Iron, and that for Twenty Years together he mightily oppress'd the Children of *Israel*. So far is the Text from taking notice of *Jabin's* Bravery, or Gallantry in War, that I cannot help believing that all manner of Personal Courage was wanting in him: For when he should fight his own *Battels*, he stays at home, takes Care of his own *Person*, and sends his General, *Poor Sisera* to fight for him.

Thus Matters stood then, betwixt the *Hectoring Jabin*, and the miserable People of *Israel*: But when Matters were brought to the last Extremity, and when the Cries and the Groans of oppressed *Israel* were heard with Pity by the *Glorious Deborah*, she then sends, as the Text tells us, to the *Brave Barak*,

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Barak, the Son of Abinoam, to be her General: And at the Sixth Verse, Deborah thus speaks unto him; *Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, Go and draw towards Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men, and I will bring Sisera, that is, God will so order it, that Sisera, King Jabin's General, and the Captain of his Army, he shall meet Barak upon the Banks of the River Kishon; and there God shall deliver Sisera, the General of Jabin's Army, with his Nine hundred Chariots of Iron, and with all the Multitudes of his Host, into thine hand. And at the 21st Verse the Text tells us, That the River Kishon swept them away; that is, a great many of Jabin's Army perished in that ancient river, the river Kishon.*

And now I believe I need not trouble you with explaining Names, to shew the Agreeableness which my Text has with almost every Particular of this Day's surprizing Deliverance. I need not tell you who the Pious and *Glorious Deborah* is, who under God has been the Publick Saviour and Deliverer of our *Israel*. I need not tell you who the *Brave and Valiant Barak*, the Son of *Abinoam*, is, who with so much Glory and Conduct has fought our Battels. I need not travel far, to find out a Neighbouring King, a *Cowardly Jabin*, that was ne-

ver Master of either Personal Valour or Merit. I need not go far to find out a Great and Mighty Oppressor, One that has sacrific'd so many of the Countries and Liberties of *Europe* to his boundless Ambition and Revenge. I need not tell you whose Armies and Chariots were lately vanquish'd and baff'd upon the *Banks* of our famous *German Kishon*, and how many of his best Troops have perish'd in those *Silver Streams*: And you will not want an *Oedipus* to unriddle *Sisera's* Name, the Famous Captain of *Jabin's* Army: Such are the fair and bright Characters in which the Glorious Deliverances of this Day are written.

But I must confess there is this difference betwixt the Ancient *Deborah* and ours, betwixt *Israel's* Deliverance, and that which we now commemorate: For the *Scripture Deborah* she only deliver'd her own People; her Deliverance extended no further than the narrow Confines of *Israel*: Whereas our *Glorious Deliverer* has not only, under God, rescu'd her own Nations and People from the Hand of *Jabin*, but has also rescu'd the Mighty *Empire of Germany* from cruel Fetters and Chains; has restor'd many languishing States and Principalities to their Ancient Rights and Liberties; and even many Kingdoms and Republicks may now rejoice under

der the Shadows of our Deliverers Lawrels, and may be safe and happy under Her kind Influences and Protection.

Again, That I may do Justice also to our *Brave and Valiant Barak*, I must likewise observe one Difference between Him, and what the Sacred Story records; the Ancient *Barak* destroy'd his Ten Thousand, but our *Barak*, our Glorious Captain and Hero, has taken, wounded, and destroy'd his Forty Thousand. And tho the Ancient *Sisera*, tho *Jabin's General* fled from the Field of Battel, and was ignominiously slain by a Woman, by the Hand of *Jael the Wife of Heber*; I shall only remark this difference, That the present *Sisera*, the now General of *Jabin's Army*, instead of an Ignominious Death, is taken Prisoner of War, and his Life is given unto him: And tho anciently Prisoners were chain'd to the Wheels of the Victor's Chariot, yet the great Humanity of our *Barak*, permits his Prisoner *Sisera* the Favour and Honour of Riding in his own Chariot with him.

Thus have I endeavour'd to shew you the Agreeableness between Ours and *Israel's Deliverance*, and how sweetly the Sacred Story ecchoes forth all those remarkable Circumstances which we this Day most thankfully commemorate.

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I shall now pass on to consider the Words of my Text; *Awake, awake Deborah : awake, awake, utter a song : Arise Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam.*

These Words are the Direction of the Spirit of God to *Deborah*, commanding her to awake, that is, to exert and put forth her self, by uttering a Song of Praise and Thanksgiving for *Israel's* Deliverance : And *Barak* is also bid to arise, and do the same thing ; for since *Sisera* is slain, since the Enemies of *Israel* are routed, since the Forces of *Jabin* are destroy'd, and since all these Instruments of *Israel's* Captivity are now led Captive ; *Arise, O Barak, and utter a song of thanksgiving, thou son of Abinoam !* Let all the Tribes of *Israel* now rejoice, and let all the Daughters of *Musick* be glad : Bring hither the *Timbrels*, with the *Harp* and the merry *Lute* ; and let the whole Congregation sing an *Anthem* of Praise and Thanksgiving to God their *Saviour*, and their mighty Deliverer.

And now from these Words of my Text thus explain'd, since we have the same Ground of Thanksgiving as *Israel* had, that we may also awake and utter our Song, give me leave to do these Two Things.

First,

First, I shall consider the Nature of that Deliverance which God hath wrought for us.

Secondly, I shall consider some of those Reasons, why we might yet hope and believe that God in his Providence would send Salvation and Deliverance to us.

First, I shall consider the Nature of that Deliverance which God has wrought for us.

The very Name of *Deliverance* echoes forth a very agreeable and pleasing Sound; but the Contemplation of Publick and National Deliverances carries along with it those Charms which cheer the Hearts, and enliven and invigorate the *Spirits* of all Good Men: Even Nature her self, the Heavens and the Earth seem to rejoice at National Deliverances: And if the Angelick Orders above are said to rejoice at the Conversion and Repentance of one single Sinner, how can we believe that those Blessed Spirits above can now be silent, when the Church of God, when all the *Reformed Churches of Europe* have had so great, so surprizing a Deliverance? Or how can we believe that the *Cherubims and Seraphims*, how can those blessed Angelick Orders be now silent; since God is doing his great and wonderful Works in the World; since he has undertaken the Cause of his Church, and our Holy

A Thanksgiving-Sermon at the

ly Religion ; since God himself is the mighty Saviour and Protector of our *Sion* ; since he has fought our Battels, and blessed us with the compleatest Victory and Success : Nay, since the Hand of God is so very visible in our Deliverance, that were it possible with these mortal Eyes to see an *Almighty Power* seated on the *Battlements* of Heaven, and there giving forth an *Almighty Fiat* for the Overthrow and Destruction of our Enemies, even all this could not give us a greater Assurance than we now already have, That 'tis Thou, O God, that hast fought for us : How therefore can the Host of Heaven, how can the Blessed Angelick Orders above be now silent ? No certainly, they must be chanting forth their Hallelujahs to God ; those Blessed Ministring Spirits, which are sent forth to minister to the World, they certainly do join with us, and are now ready to send up their united *Anthems* and Songs of Deliverance, to the Almighty Saviour and *Protector of us*.

This then being the Glorious Day which God himself hath made for us, and since all the Angels above do rejoice in these Works of his Hands ; Let a Brightness and a Smile now sit sweetly upon the Countenance of each *Inhabitant in this our British Isle* ; Let the *German Princes* rejoice, and let the
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Cathedral Church of Rochester.

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many States and *Kingdoms of Europe* be glad; let them all awake, and utter a Song; let them all confess that God is the Lord, the Battel is his, and he alone has the disposal of it.

And now since we are all thus chearfully disposed, and every devout Soul is ready to breath forth a *Te Deum* to his Mighty Deliverer, give me leave to tell you, that 'tis not for suspected Combats, or doubtful *Victories*, that we Solemnize this Day of Thanksgiving; we do not as our Enemies often have done; we do not mock God with a *Te Deum*, when we have been very handsomly beaten; such *Anthems* as these, let our Enemies repeat as often as they please; whilst we now offer to God our affectionate Thanksgiving and Praise for a *Substantial Victory*, for a most Surprizing Providential Overthrow of our Enemies; whilst we thank God for a Victory, whose Glorious Memory neither length of Time nor After-Ages shall be able to obliterate; a Victory which will sweetly convey its manifold Blessings to our latest Posterity.

And now that our Hearts and Anthems may keep their *even paces* together, and that the brightness of our Deliverance may appear the more visible, consider we the Dangers we were lately in,
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and how our Neighbouring States and Kingdoms were all exposed to the utmost Hazards.

As for the Empire of *Germany*, that was in a great measure ruin'd and lost; the Princes and States of *Italy* were in a sinking Condition, and brought to the last Despair; the War in *Portugal* and *Spain* was nice and doubtful; and even all the Happiness and Liberties of *Europe* were threatned to be exchanged for Chains and Fetters. And I tremble to think what must have been the Lamentation and Mourning, what would have been the Fate of this our Glorious Church of *England*; what must have befallen our Holy Religion, and how dreadful an Overthrow must have overtaken the rest of the Reformed Churches of *Christendom*. The bare Prospect of such apparent Calamities as these, but a few days since, what a dark and black Cloud did they seem to draw over us? All *Europe* stood agast and amaz'd at the vast numbers of our Enemies Troops, and their frequent Successes; and how did a Universal Melancholy and Despair appear in the Countenances of all considering good Men, whilst the wisest Counsels and best laid Designs, whilst an Arm of Flesh was weak and impotent, altogether unable to rescue us out of the Hands of the great and common Oppressor?

Thus

Thus when we were in the height of our Difficulties, and in the Critical Time of our Distress, when we cry'd unto Thee, O God, for Help, then didst Thou appear for us; then didst Thou, O God, influence and direct the Wise Counsels of our Happy Renowned QUEEN; then didst Thou incline Her to send Her Troops to the Banks of the *River Danube*, almost to the furthest parts of the *Higher Germany*, there to Fight our Battels; then didst Thou, O God, inspire Her Generals with Conduct and Resolution, and all Her Majesty's Troops with a singular Courage and Bravery, and gavest them in many respects a compleater Victory, than any of the Ancient Histories or Annals of Time have ever yet deliver'd down to us.

This Fatal Day to our Enemies, but Blessed be God, this Bright and Glorious Day to the *English* Nation, this was the Day which Thou, O God, hast made for us, and the Great Work of this Day was the Work of thine own doing; the Day therefore is truly thine, 'tis Thou, O God, that hast appointed it for ours and our Neighbouring Kingdoms Deliverance: Thou hast effectually heard and answer'd the most Excellent and Pious Devout Prayers of our Church, in abating the Pride,

in asswaging the Malice, and in confounding the Devices of our Enemies: Thou, O God, hast cut them off with an unusual uncommon Overthrow. How many Thousands hast Thou cut off in the Field of Battel? How many Thousands hast Thou deliver'd Prisoners of War into our Hands? How many of our Enemies perish'd in the Streams of the *Famous Danube*? And what vast Numbers of Poor, Wretched, and Wounded Creatures, who with the most pitiable Sighs and Groans are continually heard breathing forth their Lamentations and Mournings? And the few Remains of the Enemies scatter'd Troops, with what Disgrace and Shame are they now forced to leave the *German Territories*, and seek for Sanctuary and Refuge in their own Country?

And thus have I consider'd the Nature of that great and surprizing Deliverance which God has wrought for us; which brings me now to the Last thing I propos'd, which was,

To consider some of those Reasons why we might yet hope and believe that God in his Providence would send Salvation and Deliverance to us.

Here perhaps you may wonder what well-grounded Hopes a Wicked Nation and People could

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could have of their Salvation and Deliverance; and this I confess seems to be the black and dark side of the Cloud which hangs over our Heads: I must own that our common Prophaneness and Debauchery, our crying National Vices, which like a *Leprosie* have overspread and cover'd our Land, these afford all good Men very melancholy Thoughts; and like the flaming appearance of some *unusual Comets*, our National Sins bode nothing else but common Destruction and Ruin to us. But that I may as little as possible sully the Glory and Brightness of this Happy Day, I shall now chuse to turn my Eye, and take a delightful View of the bright side of that Cloud which appears so visible in our Hemisphere.

Now I cannot help taking notice of that good Providence which in so eminent a manner has Blessed these Nations, in giving us so Virtuous, so Pious, so very Excellent a *Person* to sway the Scepter of these Kingdoms; this may reasonably induce us to believe that God has Blessings yet in store, that he has still some Favour and Loving Kindness for us. Blessed, for ever Blessed be that good Providence, which in respect to our *Pious Sovereign*, has given us Blessings infinitely greater than what our Enemies can pretend or boast of;
for

for the Virtue and Piety of our Happy Sovereign is sparkling and flaming, shines forth with a Meridian Brightness for the Benefit and Example of Her Subjects, and leaves no room for Varnish and Hypocrisie, nor for those nauseous and Blasphemous Flatteries, the common Language which is heard in our Enemies Courts: In this respect, in respect of Sovereigns, the Nation of *France* cannot pretend to be upon a level, and dare not presume to compare equal Blessings with us; for we have a QUEEN whose Glory, whose Pleasure and Delight it is to be really *Pious, Virtuous, and Good*; whose very Personal Graces presage some general Blessings to Her People, renders Her the Glory and Ornament of Her Sex, and adds a Beauty and Lustre to the Scepter and Diadem She wears: In respect of Sovereigns, in respect of this great and singular Blessing we enjoy, let our Enemies be silent; they cannot pretend to any equal Compare: For the Sacred Person of our Sovereign from Her Infancy, was ever Just, Pious, Virtuous, and Merciful; these Virtues and Graces were early implanted, and have ever since shone forth with an unaffected and steady Brightness.

Blessed and for ever Happy our *Glorious Princess*, that never wounded nor tortured Her Conscience,
by

by breaking the most Solemn Oaths of Renunciation at the *Pyrenean Treaties*! *Happy Princesses*! that has no Stains upon Her Mind for making Treacherous and Faithless Treaties, nor for violating the best Securities, that of the Publick Faith, and Agreement of Nations: *Happy Princesses*! that never owned one King to be Rightfully possess'd of his Throne, and almost in the same Breath proclaim'd another to be the *Heir of it*: *Happy Princesses*! that never March'd an Army to the Borders of *Lorain* under the Guise and Mask of Friendship, and forcibly then took possession of the Poor Prince's Territories. What Blessings must our *Virtuous Princesses* enjoy, who never yet dreamt of the new invented Villany of a Neighbouring Court; who have found out a way to baffle the Publick Faith of Oaths and Treaties, and thereby render the best Securities of Kingdoms precarious and uncertain; by boldly telling the World that there is a distinction betwixt the *Spirit* and the *Sense and Letter of Treaties*: *Happy* our most Renowned Princesses! who never made any Foreign Alliances, with an intention and design of breaking of them; whereby those bloody Sluces are now set open, which have stain'd and delug'd so many Countries in *Christendom* with Human Blood: Blessed and
Happy.

Happy our Princess! who has no trouble or anguish of Mind for being Barbarous and Cruel to Her own People; that never forced them upon the Score of Conscience or Religion, to Travel into Neighbouring Countries, to live like Exiles and Fugitives, and very often forced to seek their Bread in desolate places, and be supported by the Charity and Humanity of Neighbouring Nations: For ever Blessed and Happy is our *Glorious Princess*, who in all Her Victories and Triumphs was so far from Cruelty and Harshness to those of a different Religion, that She never was so much as severe or unkind to any of them: All Religions, all Countries and Climates have tasted the Sweets of Her Humanity and Favours; and amongst the rest of the World how plentifully has She shed forth Her Blessings and Favours upon Her own Kingdoms, in Her Watchfulness and Care, in Her Glorious Protection and Defence of them? And what I cannot forbear to mention with Tears of Joy and Gladness, Her most Munificent Charity out of Her own Revenues to the Poor Clergy of this our truly Apostolical Church: Certainly those Servants that daily wait and minister at God's Altars, they will affectionately Pray for Her, and no doubt but their Souls must Bless Her: And

And I cannot help believing, but that this Royal Bounty has very much added to the Glories and Triumphs of this Day, and has increas'd those Lawrels which our *English Deborah* now wears, and which sit so beautifully upon Her *Sacred Temples*. In a word ; Happy and Blessed must that Nation and People be, who have such a Princess, who makes the Laws of God the Rules and Measures of Her *Piety and Devotion*, and the Laws of the Land the fixed Standards for the Administration of Her Government: And whenever the Streams of Justice and Religion flow between such Boundaries as these, 'tis easy to presage what Blessings they must derive to the Present, and to those also that shall live in After-Ages.

Thus have I given you one very great and substantial Reason, why we might hope and believe that God in his Providence would yet send Salvation and Deliverance to us.

A Second Reason, which I can but briefly mention, why we should yet hope for further Deliverance, is grounded upon a Consideration of the Excellency and Purity of our Holy Religion ; especially if our Religion be but compared with

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the corrupted Doctrines and debauch'd Principles of that Religion which our Enemies practise and profess: If both Religions are cast into the Scales, 'tis very easy to tell on what side the Balance must turn.

And here, to the Eternal Glory of our Mother the *Church of England*, whose Happy Sons and Daughters we are, that we now live within her Communion, and are nourished and cherished by her Embraces; happy certainly and blessed must this Pious Parent be, who is truly Primitive, Catholick, and Apostolical in all her Doctrines; who ministers no other Milk to her Children, who preaches and delivers no one single Doctrine or Article of Faith, but what Christ and his Apostles have deliver'd to the World: Also whose Prayers, Liturgy, and Service, are all Grave, Manly, and Decent, comporting so nearly and lively with the Usages and Practices of the First Primitive Ages, that one must be ready to conclude, That there is no other difference (other than that of Time) betwixt the Doctrines and Prayers of our Church, and those us'd and deliver'd in the *Apostolical Ages*.

Our Religion does not usurp upon the Throne of God, nor teach us to ravish one of his Incommunicable

municable Attributes, that of Infallibility, from him. Our Religion does not teach us to correct and alter our Blessed Saviour's own Institution in the Sacrament, in denying the Cup, and so refusing the Laity the Benefit of that universal Command, *Drink ye all of this*. Our Church is ignorant of the ridiculous and unaccountable Fires of Purgatory, of which the Sacred Writings are wholly silent ; and those that Preach this Novel Doctrine could never yet suggest one single Proof of it. Our Church is surpriz'd at those *Trental* Decrees for Prayers in an Unknown Tongue ; but chuses to stick close to that Apostolical Canon, of *praying with the Spirit, and praying with the Understanding also*. Happy are we, who are bred in the Communion of a Church, all whose Doctrines are Primitive, Sacred, and Apostolical : We have no Treasonable King-killing Doctrines maintain'd, as was done some Years since by *Mariana* the Jesuit, whose Book was never yet Censur'd by any Publick Act of the *Roman* Church : And had those of that Communion Opportunity and Power, we have too much reason to fear, from the late Attempts to Assassinate the Brave King *William*, that this is still a Catholic Doctrine amongst many of them. Our

Church knows nothing of those cruel Doctrines and Principles which have encourag'd so many Massacres, Gunpowder-Plots, and Treasons, which have so barbarously stain'd so many Countries with the base Effusions of Christian Blood. The avowed Doctrines of our Church maintain a just and faithful Duty and Allegiance to all Sovereign Powers, Mercy and Justice, Love and Humanity to all Mankind. Our Church carefully cultivates and encourages all Moral Virtues and Christian Graces; and in her Publick Devotions affectionately prays to God for *Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks*; she prays for all her Enemies, and that God in his Mercy would turn and convert those that hate her: And what was anciently said of the Paths of Virtue, may as truly be affirm'd of the Doctrines of our Church, That they directly lead us to an Everlasting Peace.

Thus in respect to the Apostolical Purity of our Holy Religion, in respect to those Doctrines which our Church delivers, we had great Reason to hope for the Blessings we now commemorate, and may still believe that God will yet send us some further Deliverance.

And

And now I have done with my Text, and have endeavour'd to conform my Discourse to the Nature and Design of this *Bright Festival*.

First, I have consider'd the Scripture Story of *Deborah's* and *Barak's* Deliverance of *Israel*, and shew'd you in what Parallel Lines it runs, and how truly it answers to this of ours.

Secondly, We have consider'd the Nature and Greatness of that Deliverance which God at this Time hath wrought for us.

Lastly, I have mention'd Two very substantial Reasons, why we might hope and believe that God in his good Providence would save his People, and yet vouchsafe them some further Deliverance.

But to conclude ; and that I shall do in a Pious Imitation of the Great Master of *Anthem and Musick* ; I shall conclude this Discourse, as the Royal *David* does his Book of *Psalms*, his Songs of Praise and Thanksgiving. Let us and all the *Israel of God*, let us all praise God in these his noble acts of our Deliverance ; let us praise him according to his excellent Greatness. Let us praise him upon the sound of the Trumpet, let us praise him upon the Lute and Harp. Let us praise him upon the Cymbals

*bals and Dances, let us praise him upon the Strings
and Pipe. Let us praise him upon the well-tun'd
Cymbals, let us praise him upon the loud Cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Amen.*



F I N I S.

A Sermon Preach'd before the Queen at the Cathedral Church of *St. Paul, London*, on the Seventh of *September, 1704.* being the Thanksgiving-Day for the Late Glorious Victory obtain'd over the *French* and *Bavarians* at *Bleinheim* near *Hochstet*, on *Wednesday* the Second of *August*, by the Forces of Her Majesty and Her Allies, under the Command of the Duke of *Marlborough.* By *William Sherlock*, D. D. Dean of *St. Paul's*, Master of the *Temple*, and Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty. Publish'd by Her Majesty's Special Command.

A Manifesto, Asserting and Clearing the Legal Right of the Princess *Sophia*, and Her Issue, the Serene House of *Hanover*, to the Succession of *Scotland.*

Both Printed for William Rogers.

A Sermon Preach'd before the Queen at the Cathedral
Church of St. Paul, London, on the Second of
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late Glorious Victory obtain'd over the French and
Dutch at Blenheim near Alton, on Wednesday
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A Manifesto, Asserting and Clearing the Legal Right of
the Princess Sophia, and Her Issue, the German Heir
of Hanover, to the Succession of Great-Britain.

Both Printed for William Rogers.

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